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eration of the Proprietors) until arrangements are made.

Selected Tale.

THE SECOND WIFE.

(Continued from our last.)

"I want to know something about these pictures. Some of them are very fine, and it seems to me strange that they should hang here out of sight."
"They got injured," said Ellen, "and Aunt Jane did not have time to get them mended."
"Here is a beautiful landscape," I said.
I knew, by the quick dilating of Ellen's hazel eyes as she looked at the picture, that she could appreciate its excellence and I regretted that she had been so long debarred the privilege of cultivating her naturally artistic taste. I resolved to help her to make up the lost time.
"Now here is one in which I am still more interested," I said, taking up the portrait. "Who is this Ellen?"
Ellen started, and then the color rushed to her cheeks, as she answered, in a low voice, "It is my mother."
I had suspected as much. The resemblance was striking between the pictured face and little Harry.
"Is this the way that you preserve your mother's portrait?" I asked.
"Aunt Jane put it away before —"
"Before I came, Ellen?"
"Yes," was the brief reply.
"Well, I shall take better care of it in future. I am not come stand between you and your mother, Ellen. I wish you to love and honor her memory above all others. I shall try to make you wiser and happier than ever, instead of gloomy and sad."
There was a slight quiver about Ellen's firm lip, as she turned and left the room. I began to feel encouraged.
That evening I had a fire made in the parlor, the piano was unlocked, and I took my music from my trunks. In the "gloaming," before there was any light in the room save that of the tremulous fire-light, I sat down to play. They were all there; Jane at crochets in a corner, and the children seated silently about the fire.

I found the piano an excellent instrument and after playing a variation, which drew a sigh from the depths of Miss Jane's bosom, and a shout of delight from my little Harry, I began to sing. It was an old, plaintive, Scotch song that I chose; something to touch and melt the heart.
May and Harry were standing one on each side of me, when I ended, and their glowing faces expressed their delight.
"I like that," said Harry. "I wish Aunt Jane wouldn't keep the piano locked so that nobody can touch it."
A loud warning cough from his amiable aunt made him shrink a little closer to me.
"Dosing another, please!" whispered May, and I sang Goethe's "Miller and the Brook," that wild, merry old song—
What do you say of a murrain
That can murrain be?
'Tis the water nymphs that are singing
Their roundelay under me!
May was in ecstasies. "Oh, will you teach me to play?" she asked. "It would make me so happy!"
"May!" said Jane, sternly. But the little girl did not heed it; her faith in her aunt was fast decreasing.
"I will, certainly if you wish it," I replied. "Both Ellen and you may take lessons as soon as you please to begin—I do not wish you to be confined wholly to arithmetic."
I turned from the piano and sat by the fire, after having lighted the lamp. May and Harry were dancing about in the middle of the room, and even Ellen smiled at their playful rudeness.
Jane seeing that they took no heed of her dreary coughs and sighs, rose and left the room. I took quick advantage of her absence.
Going to the bookcase, I selected an interesting volume and sat down with it near the lamp.
"You have heard of Joan of Arc, have you not, Ellen?" I asked.
"I do not remember that I have," she answered. "Who was she?"
"Her story was a very wonderful one. I will read it, if you would like to hear it," I answered.
"Is it true?" cried Harry, leaving his play.
"Yes Harry. It happened many years ago, in France. Shall I read it?"
Harry and May were already eager to hear it, and Ellen looked interested, though she said nothing. I took Harry in my lap, and began to read the strange, thrilling story. All listened with the deepest attention.
By and by Ellen interrupted me, saying—
"If you are tired, let me read awhile, mother."
I was tired, and gave it up to her gladly; she had called me "mother!"
At nine, Aunt Jane came and called them to bed.
"No, no, aunt; we'll come as soon as we find out what became of poor Joan!" cried May. "Shall we stay, mother?"

"Let them stay a little longer," I said to Miss Jane. The door closed, and Ellen proceeded with the story.
"Sing us one little song!" said May, when the story was ended. I complied willingly, and sang "Let us love one another." When I had finished, May sprang up and gave me a good night kiss. Harry followed her example.
"I want one more," I said, turning to Ellen, and with a grave smile, she kissed me and bade me good night. That night my pillow was haunted with happy dreams.
Much of the ensuing week was spent in re-arranging the rooms, in order to give them a more cheerful appearance. I took down the portrait of the first Mrs. Fleming from its garret corner, and hung it over the mantel in the parlor. I reframed the beautiful landscape, and it adorned a little room opening from the back parlor, which had been used as a spare bedroom, but which I converted into a miniature library. I went with the children into the fields to hunt for early May flowers, with which to fill the vases and make the rooms bright and fragrant.
May took her first music lesson, and was already promising to sing "Let us love one another," on Christmas day, at which time her father would be at home. Ellen had so far descended from her cold heights of reserve as to ask me to learn her crayon drawing, and I was astonished at the artist talent she already exhibited.

One morning, when I had been about a fortnight with them, Jane came to the breakfast table in her travelling dress. We were all surprised—most of all, for I had hoped the happiness of the children would win her kindness also; but I was mistaken. "Where are you going, aunt?" asked May, her blue eyes expanding with astonishment. Miss Jane deigned no answer, but ate her breakfast in unbroken silence, then, turning to me, announced her decision.
Mrs. Fleming, you cannot expect me to stay here content, when I see you daily undoing with all your might what I have been laboring so hard to accomplish. These girls were growing up, in my care, discreet, sober, and reasonable. I shate the vanities and follies of the world from their knowledge. I reared them in prudence and soberness. But Arthur Fleming must bring a strange wife here, who, in two short weeks, could, by her wily softness of manner, win their foolish young hearts away from their tried friend, and fill their heads with vanity. I will not stay where I and my teachings are objects of contempt. I leave you to your painting and playing, your singing and bouquet making. I am not penniless, as you probably suppose. I have still a home to go to, now that I am driven thoughtlessly from this one."
My eyes filled with tears at these scornful words. The children looked wonderingly at me and at her.
"Don't go, aunt! Mother doesn't want you to go," whispered May, the sweet little peace-maker.
"I don't know who drives you from here!" said Ellen, sarcastically.
"Jane, I wish you to stay with us," I said. "It is right that I, Capt. Fleming's wife, should be a mother to his children, and take their care and education into my own hands. I mean to make them happy in their home, in their studies, and to fit them for good and useful lives. You can help me in this work, and I will be your friend. Will you stay, Jane?"
"No, Mrs. Fleming. I will not stay where I am a mere cipher. But, children, I do not desert you. If you are ever fatherless, or in trouble, I will come to you, and you shall have your home with me again."

The stage coach, which Jane had secretly ordered to call for her, now rattled up to the door, and she took her seat in it. She gave a nod of freezing dignity to me, a farewell of compassionate affection to the children, and then the coach drove away.
I was alone with home, children and peace.
CHAPTER III.
Six months passed rapidly, and how pleasantly, my vivid recollection of them testifies. As the village schools taught but little, and I was fully competent to instruct the children myself, I spent three hours of every morning in study with them. Two afternoons in a week I devoted to May's Music and Ellen's drawing; on the other afternoons they were free to practice at home, or to visit their village friends, and receive visits in return. Our evenings were spent in reading, and in the three months of that summer they gained more intelligence than in years before. Their interest in knowledge was aroused, and whatever they read was made a subject of free and cheerful conversation, thus fixing important facts in their memories, and training their minds to habits of active thought. Ellen adorned the walls of our sitting room and little library with several very fine crayon pictures, and May added to our evening readings the charm of her sweet singing.

At Christmas time we expected Captain Fleming. With what a glad pride I looked upon my happy group, and thought of the gratitude he would feel, when he saw their improvement, and witnessed their affection for myself. I looked forward with a beating heart to the meeting.
It was a fortnight before Christmas, and we were already deeply engaged in preparation for the merry season. Green boughs, with which to decorate the rooms, were being made into garlands and garlands, and, in a sly corner, the Christmas tree was waiting its hour of triumph. Ellen was hurrying to finish a picture of Santa Claus to hang over the Christmas tree; and May was practising incessantly, "Let us love one another," at the pianoforte; while little Harry entered with even greater zeal, if possible, into the preparations for the festivities.
It was afternoon, and Ellen and I had been discussing the propriety of inviting some friends to enjoy our Christmas Eve with us. We were now in daily expectation of Captain Fleming, and every sound of carriage wheels made us rush to the window.
"Father is come!" cried Ellen, as the sound of wheels, instead of passing, ceased at our door, and we simultaneously sprang up and ran to the window. There indeed stood the expected coach, but who was that old lady, with a green bandbox held tightly in her arms, now bounding out of the coach door, sending sharp glances up at the windows, while the coachman took down her trunks.
"It is Aunt Jane!" said Ellen, with a long sigh of disappointment, and she looked into my face inquiringly.
"It is too bad, too bad!" said May, half crying, "for her to come and spoil all just as we were to have such a merry Christmas!"
"Well, meet her kindly and give her a welcome," I said, and by that time the hall door had opened, and Jane Fleming stood in the midst of us, receiving our greetings with a kind of grim smile. The girls dressed her of all her many trunks and cloaks and furs, and Harry drew a chair for her close to the fire.

As she warmed her feet at the grate, she looked around her with a singular expression of pity, mixed with triumph.
"I have kept my promise, children, she said. "I told you if anything happened, I would come to you."
I started from my seat, and a shudder of terrible forebodings passed through me, as I remembered the promise to which she referred.
"Jane! Jane Fleming, what do you mean?" I cried.
She wiped the corner of her eyes with the handkerchief. Then she said—
"The May Fleming has been wrecked. Save the mate and one sailor, who floated two days on a broken raft, every soul was lost."
I could utter neither cry nor moan. I only looked into the faces of my children who gathered about me, indulging their wild sorrow in pitiful cries. Ellen, only after a brief time seemed to comprehend my bewildering anguish. She put her young, strong arms about me, and led me, unresisting, to my chamber; and there, watched by her alone, I lay silent and motionless.
But my brain was busy. "Is it this, an untimely death," I thought, "that all I love are fated to come? My heart was wrapped in my beautiful Harry, and he lay down to die in the glory of his youth—My love rose out of his grave and gathered itself, strong as life, about my husband; and now, in so little a while, he is gone also. Was it for this that I gave my mind, my heart, my soul, to his children only that they should look up to me with their pitiful faces, and cry, 'we are orphaned!' Where was he, when we, his wife and his children, were making Christmas garlands? We were singing and weaving the holy and cedar by the warm firelight, while he, now struggling, now falling and sinking, was smothered in the horrible waves!"

Such thoughts as these filled my brain with ceaseless horror, and all day I lay as one benumbed. But suddenly, as it grew dark, and Ellen brought a lamp in my chamber, I was struck by her settled expression of woe. I had forgotten that I was not the only sufferer. That thought gave me strength. I rose, took her by the hand, and went down to the other children. I gathered them about me, and we all wept together. Then, and not till then, did I feel that I could speak to them of comfort.
The next morning the paper came, and its long account of the wreck confirmed the sad tidings. Days passed—slowly, tearfully. I was beginning to realize that we, of late such a joyful group, were now, "the widow and the fatherless."
It was evening, and we all sat in the little library. The door of the parlor behind us was ajar, but there was no light in there; only one lamp burned on the pianoforte, which had been moved into the little room.
Harry lay in my arms asleep, his soft hair falling over his forehead, and half veiling his fresh, fair face. Ellen and May one on each side of me, sat at work, on mourning dresses; Jane too, in the corner, was sewing black tulle. How different our labor from that with which we had expected to usher in the Christmas Eve!

By and by, Ellen looked up with an anxious expression.
"Mother, are we poor?" she said.
I was glad that I could answer in the negative. "But," I added, "we know not how soon we may be. This great misfortune has taught us that nothing is sure. We must not lean idly on what we possess, but prepare ourselves for labor, if need be. To-morrow, I wish you all to begin again your studies."
Jane dropped her needle and thread.
"I thought it was understood that the children should go home with me," she said. "Perhaps you think that I am poor and helpless; but you are mistaken. On the contrary, I am probably better able than you to take care of the children."

This announcement startled me; but there was no need. May threw her arms around my neck and whispered, "I will not leave you, mother!" while Ellen, her fine eyes, glowing with excitement, answered, quietly and firmly—
"Our mother has the best claim on us, Aunt Jane, and until she sends us, we will never leave her. We have never been so happy as in this half past year. We love her better than all our friends, and now that our father is gone we will not leave her alone."
My heart thrilled with gratitude that I could not utter. I could only give my noble Ellen a look of thankfulness, and say—
"I will be as faithful to you as you have been to me, Ellen."
"Hush!" said May, starting from her seat. "What was that sound?" She went to the window and looked out. "It was only the wind," she added, and sat down by me again.
Jane shot indignant glances at the children.
"I little thought, when I came here to work and wear myself for you, that you would so soon desert me for a stranger."
"Aunt Jane," said Ellen, quietly, "remember it is our mother of whom you speak—our second mother to whom we owe so much."
Miss Fleming was evidently annoyed, but was silent.
"I do hear a footstep," said May, and again she peeped from the window, but all was dark and silent.
My heart ached with weary despondency, and I made a last attempt at peace.
"Sister Jane—you shake your head, but you were his sister, and must, therefore, be mine—for his sake I forgive you for the many attempts you have made to turn my children's hearts against me, but for ever after let their be no more such as this. I am no stranger in this house, but hold a mother's place to the children, my beloved husband left in my care. For them henceforth, and for them only, I shall live and labor. I have thus far tried to do them good, and they themselves bear witness to my success. Trust them to me, and let there be no more harshness between us—for his sake!"

Jane Fleming burst into tears. She wept for a few moments, and her heart was softened.
"Agnes forgive me!" she said, to my astonishment and joy. "You think me heartless, but, indeed, I am not, though I have been harsh. It was my love for my brother and his children that made me wickedly jealous of you. But I am now a mother with you and them. For his sake, forgive me."
There was a moment of silent, pleasant surprise, and then I clasped her, hove warmly, and called her "sister." Ellen gravely stooped down and kissed her, and little May, rejoiced, sprang to the pianoforte, and sang with her whole heart, "Let us love one another."
As she ceased and turned her smiling face towards us, there was a sound behind, a quick footstep toward the hall, the door was flung open, and—
Had one risen from the dead?
"My wife, my children, my blessed Agnes," said Capt. Fleming, his voice hoarse with emotion, and before we could utter a word of welcome or surprise, we were all clasped in his strong, living arms. The rapture of that hour who could seek to portray!

"Forgive me Agnes, for playing the listener," he said. "It was not premeditated, but as I came in I heard your voices, and could not but pause a moment before surprising you. How can I ever thank you, how repay you for your love to my children and to me!"
These words and many more fell from his lips, as he clasped me again with warm affection. I was repaid for all my labor, all my sorrow.
Then followed explanations, words of joy and welcome. His good ship, indeed, had been lost in the fearful storm, but the account of the loss of the men had been exaggerated in the excitement of the news. Many were lost, but not all. There were other homes of mourning made glad that night as well as mine.
And what a merry, joyful Christmas we had! How the Christmas tree sparkled under its many tapers, loaded not only with the gifts of the children to each other, but with more costly presents to me and to them from their delighted father! How proudly did Ellen lead her father to the pictures her industry had wrought, and say, in answer to his surprise, "Mother taught me!" How sweetly did little May sing her favorite song, and, throwing her arms about her smiling father's neck, say also, "Mother taught me!"
Very sacred, and full of peculiar trial, is the position of the second wife, whose children of the buried mother claim her care and love; but if, with a true heart and zeal, she enters into the work before her, rich is her reward and its pleasures endure for ever.

ry out the principles of the American party in this State—it meets with my sincere approbation, and I have every reason to believe will secure the cordial and energetic co-operation of our subordinate councils and their individual members.
The excitement of the recent Presidential election having mostly subsided, it is time that the Americans of Rhode Island took a new observation of their position and duties, and began to prepare in earnestness and harmony for the approaching Spring Election, and to look and act beyond that for the great future, which we all believe must exist for us as a permanent National party, and which can only be secured by our undivided efforts and our united strength.
It is very certain that the principles of the American party are of as great importance to the stability of American institutions and the safety of American independence, as they were two years ago, when it first organized our Councils in this State, and rallying upon one platform, and actuated by one common sentiment, secured the election of our candidates by so almost unparalleled a vote.

The event of the recent Presidential election have, indeed, if possible, a stronger necessity for our firm support of those principles than ever before. We have seen nearly the whole foreign vote of the country organized against those who maintain the most just and moderate views in relation to the control, which American born men should have of their own Government, and have seen another Presidential Election carried by a perfect coalition of the foreign vote of New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Indiana, on the side of the Illinois, slavery candidate for the Presidency.
This fact alone, apart from all our associations, and experiences, should stimulate every American in Rhode Island to a closer Union and a firmer and more perfect organization of all the councils in this State.
We mean to plant ourselves now as heretofore upon the two great principles of Americanism and Freedom, of uncompromising opposition to corrupt foreign influence in our elections, and that other principle, which should be equally as dear to every free born son of a free country, to oppose by all constitutional means the extension of slavery over another foot of free territory—if we but stand firmly and unitedly upon these grounds, we can and will conquer all the hosts that are marshalled against us.

In the late Presidential Election, our Brethren have entertained different views of different candidates presented by the American party for their suffrages, and have in this way produced a result unfortunate for us all—it should only teach us to learn a lesson of political wisdom and discretion from the past—and in again strengthening the links which unite us as a party, it should prompt us to forget the acrimony and jealousies which are always the sad results of fraternal disagreements and endeavor not only as politicians but as men, by the exercise of a little mutual compromise to unite our forces in a strong and unbroken column.
It is important, therefore, that the several American Councils in this State should be immediately convened in their respective localities, with a view to a more perfect organization and concentration of their forces for the Spring Election; and I do most earnestly request this may be immediately done, that the Secretary of each Council may be able to report the number of active members in his council and elect full delegations to the convention to be held in the city of Providence early in the month of February, to nominate candidates for State officers and members of Congress to be supported in the approaching April Election, of which due notice will be given to the Presidents of the different Councils by the State Executive Committee.

Permit me in conclusion, to tender you my best wishes for harmony and success, and to assure you, that in my opinion nothing is required to secure those results but our undivided, active, honest efforts.
CHARLES C. VAN ZANDT,
President of the State Council of R. I.
C. M. Alvord, Secretary of State Council.

To Charles C. Van Zandt, Esq. President of American State Council of R. I.
The Committee appointed by the American State Council at their annual meeting in December last, for the purpose of considering the expediency of secrecy for the future meetings of Subordinate Councils, and to form a plan of action, the more effectually to carry out the principles of our Party, beg leave to make the following Report:
We recommend that in all business meetings none be admitted except members of our order; but any nominations made, or business transacted, may be made public if thought desirable by the Council and they decide by vote to do so. The more effectually to carry out this plan, we recommend the President of State Council at each annual meeting and as much often as he may think necessary, to give to each member of the State Council a pass word to be given by the Presidents of subordinate councils to their members. But all meetings where speakers are provided for the discussion of our principles should be open to all, it being desirable that every one should understand clearly the principles of our Party. And in order the more effectually to co-operate with all persons and parties who oppose the present National Administration and the principles of the Cincinnati Platform, we recommend that in future nominations for political offices we shall not confine ourselves to members of our order, provided that all Candidates nominated for our support shall be known to be in favor of American Principles and opposed to the extension of Slavery over Free Territory.

For the Committee.
E. J. NIGHTINGALE, Chairman.
Providence, Jan. 10th, 1857.

Address to the American Councils of the State of Rhode Island.
Pursuant to a vote of the State Council held in December last, I have the pleasure of presenting for your consideration the Report of the Committee appointed to concert plans the more effectually to carry

Historical.

MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND 1677.

part of the colony's lands in the Narragansett country, were pledged for such advances.
The Assembly met again, Jan. 20, and adjourned to August 15.
The Assembly met at Newport the 31st of October 1677.
Deputies—Caleb Carr, Thomas Ward, Edward Robinson, John Green, Benjamin Arnold, Richard Bailey.
Producers—John Sayles, Edward Brown, Samuel Benson, Wm. Hewitt, John Smith, John Sanford, Geo. Lawrence, Colish Arnold, Lathan Clarke.
Harris—Richard Smith, Edward Calverly, James Stevens, Paul Stevens.
The law regarding the capture of the Indians, was repealed by this Assembly.
Four Indians were executed for crimes having been tried and condemned by a court martial.

At this Assembly a certain tract of land in the Narragansett country, containing five hundred acres was incorporated into a township in the name of "East Greenwich." The land was divided into lots of five hundred acres each, and five hundred acres in house lots. Every grantee of a hundred acres, to have a house lot of two acres out of the five hundred acres reserved for town lots. Fifty persons are named in the grant, to whom the assembly assigned the land, comprised in said township, on the following conditions, viz: "that each person mentioned in this present grant shall within one year, after the publication thereof, make a settlement on his lot, by building a house fit and suitable for habitation." If the grantee did not fulfil this condition, the house lot, and also the ninety acre lot, was forfeited to the colony. The terms of these grants also provides, that no grantee shall sell the said lot or lots within twenty years, unless by consent of the General Assembly, on condition of forfeiture as above.

We copy from Trumbull's history of Connecticut Vol. I, page 370 the following. Being the views entertained by Connecticut, as to their claim to the Narragansett country. May 10, 1676.
"A Committee was appointed by the Assembly, to settle all affairs of Government in the Narragansett country, and to report what places there were adapted to the purpose of planting new towns.
As the Rhode Islanders had deserted the country in the war, and had done nothing in the defence of it, and as the Connecticut volunteers had driven the enemy from that extensive tract, the Legislature determined to plant and govern it as a part of this colony.

For various reasons they viewed the act of his Majesty's commissioners, determining that Rhode Island and Narragansett should be a province for the king, as a mere nullity. Their Commission gave them no power to make new colonies. It required that Colonel Nichols should always be one of the council, that any of its acts might be valid, but he was not present at that determination. Further, Colonel Nichols with two or three of his council, afterwards reversed that judgment.
In the same point of light they viewed the agreement with Mr. Clarke, as it was after Mr. Whitthrop had obtained the Connecticut charter and sent it to the colony, at which time his agency was terminated.

Further, that agreement was entirely alien from the business of his agency, and without any instructions or authority from the colony. The agreement with Mr. Clarke was considered as a nullity, in another point of light, as the charter to Rhode Island recognized and had reference to one article of the agreement only, and as Rhode Island had never submitted to one of the other articles. In direct contravention of them they had invaded the property of the settlers named in it, wantonly carried off the productions of their lands and fruits of their labors, driven off their possessions, burned their fences and even pulled down their houses. They had claimed jurisdiction over them, after they had in the year 1663 chosen to belong to Connecticut, and formerly put themselves under the government of that colony. They had not regarded the agreement even with respect to the boundaries, but attempted to extend their limits beyond what was expressed in the charter. Besides, when his Majesty had previously granted that tract to Connecticut, there remained, in law and reason, no further right in him to that country. He had nothing there further to grant. Therefore he could grant nothing to Rhode Island. Connecticut well knew that Pawcatuck never was called Narragansett river, and that Narragansett never extended their claims so far westward, but that Pawcatuck, and the country some miles to the east of it, belonged to the Pequots. For these reasons

